THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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Your Will:

can help the Medical Mission Sisters bring health and healing to the sick in mission lands. The following approved form of bequest may be used:

"I hereby give (devise) and bequeath to the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries Inc. (also known as the Medical Mission Sisters), an institution incorporated under the laws of the State of Maryland and its successors forever the sum of $..... for its general purposes."

If you have already made your will, it is not necessary to make a new one. It is sufficient that a codicil be added, using the above form.

Our Cover This Month:

Not all are "aboard". Four of our seven departing missionaries: Sr. M. Andrew, Sr. M. Martin, Sr. M. Francis and Sr. M. Colette. See page 72 for more departure news . . .

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

8400 Pine Road

Sister M. Christine, S.C.M.M., Editor

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THE MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS

Who they are:

The Medical Mission Sisters are a religious community devoted to the care of the sick in the missions. Some of the Sisters are doctors, nurses or pharmacists; others are engaged in secretarial, household and similar duties necessary for medical mission work.

Main Activities

Hospitals, dispensaries, home visiting, leprosaria, training native nurses, training native compounders, maternity and child welfare clinics, establishing native Medical Mission Sisterhoods.

To cope with the numerous requests from mission bishops for medical mission centers, many vocations are needed.

Houses of the Society

Motherhouse and Novitiate— 8400 Pine Road, Fox Chase, Philadelphia 11, Pa.

House of Studies—6th & Buchanan Sts., Washington 17, D. C.

Postulate; Osterley, Middx. England
Heerlen, Holland

Missions

PAKISTAN
Holy Family Hospital—Rawalpindi
Holy Family Hospital—Karachi
St. Michael's Hospital—Mymensingh

INDIA
Holy Family Hospital—Patna
Holy Family Hospital—Mandar

INDONESIA
Maternity Clinic, Stella Maris Hospital, Makassar, Celebes

AFRICA
Holy Family Dispensary—Berekum, Gold Coast

UNITED STATES
Catholic Maternity Institute
Santa Fe, New Mexico
The Catholic Colored Clinic
Atlanta, Georgia

Women Qualify . . .

Cardinal Brancati sighed deeply and grasped the long quill pen once more. He had already completed two huge volumes of his commentaries on the works of Duns Scotus and was now engaged in volume three, a treatise on the missions of the Catholic Church. The scholarly prelate proposed questions to himself and then carefully composed and wrote down the answers.

"Where are missions? What are missions? Who can be a missionary?" Regarding this last particular query the Cardinal was most insistent. Dipping his pen deep into the ink in order that the writing be heavy with emphasis, he wrote slowly, painstakingly: "Men." "Women cannot qualify for missionary work." The matter was settled, missionaries are masculine. It was the year 1672.

As a consequence of Cardinal Brancati's decision women with few exceptions were excluded from missionary work until the nineteenth century. A changed viewpoint in regard to the fundamental theory of the Church's missionary enterprise was necessary before women could again engage in apostolic labors in mission countries.

The seventeenth century Cardinal thought of missionary work as essentially the preaching of the word of God and therefore excluded women as fitting candidates for such duties. In the past three centuries, from his time to our own, the Church has developed a more comprehensive theory of missiology. We now know that the missionary activity of the Church is more than merely preaching the gospel or baptizing souls.

As the Mystical Body of Christ, the Church in the missions is to manifest the love of Christ for men. The various ministrations of the missionaries, the spiritual and corporal works of mercy aim to show Christ in an external way to the native population: Christ as priest and watchful shepherd of His children; Christ as teacher, educating them that they may better know the Way, the Truth and the Life; and Christ as physician, healing bodies and strengthening them.

Schools, hospitals, seminaries, orphanages, all attempt to give a graphic presentation of the love of Christ to the people. Feminine initiative and resourcefulness are necessary components of such works. Women with their great capacity for tenderness and generosity are fitted for the task. Experience in mission work bears out the testimony that without the co-operation of the Sisters, the work of the priest is hampered and to a certain extent paralyzed.

A great change has taken place since Cardinal Brancati's list of requirements was headed with the stipulation that missionaries must be masculine. Today 53,000 Sisters are engaged in missionary work in foreign fields, preaching Christ by example and deed. Through their efforts many unbelievers are given practical and concrete lessons in Christianity. They are touched in heart and soul and become more favorably disposed to conversion.

This month seven more Medical Missionaries are journeying to mission lands. Soon they will be "at home" in three different continents. These Sisters are professionally trained in order that they may skillfully care for diseased bodies, conscious that the body exists for the soul and both body and soul exist for God. They go, purposing to make Christ known and loved, to open avenues of approach for His grace, to help plant the Catholic Church in the missions. They go with hearts filled with Christ's compassion to serve Him in humanity.

MISSION INTENTION FOR SEPTEMBER

CATHOLIC ACTION IN INDIA

by Sr. M. Adelaide

The wheel of Catholic Action in India is turning slowly. To give it impetus the Holy Father has requested the prayers of the world during the month of September. It is only by an increase of Catholic Action in non-mission countries that "Catholic Action in India" will gain momentum and become a force against the darkness of an ancient paganism which is gradually giving place to the red of Communism.

For Catholic Action there must be Catholics. In India, in comparison with the hundreds of millions of Hindus and Musselmans, the five million Catholics seem very few. Real Catholic Action requires fervent well-informed Catholics provided with inspiration and the means of spreading the Faith.

The India Press Service at the present time seems to be the hub of the wheel of Catholic Action in India. There are wide awake groups in Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Mangalore, Delhi, and Trichinopoly, but they all look to the India Press Service for the means to carry on their work.

Years ago, zealous American Jesuit Scholastics in the seminary at Kurseong began to beg their friends at home for Catholic magazines in order to re-mail them to Indian libraries, reading rooms, high schools, and colleges. Recently, this activity was turned over to a lay group, becoming a center of Catholic Action called, The India Press Service. It is now in charge of nine young university students and their priest moderator at St. Xavier's in Patna.

These students who attend a government university live in a hostel conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, and are members of Our Lady's Sodality. Most of their free time is spent in spreading Catholic literature. One hundred large bundles of literature are sent every month to all parts of India and Ceylon.

"The recipients—editors of Indian Catholic papers, directors of divers Catholic Action groups, libraries, and reading rooms—assure us that they rely on our service, and gladly send the re-mailing cost which is all that we charge . . . The India Press Service is Catholic Action in and through the spread of the Light, so magnificently radiating from the 'Sun' of the American Catholic Press!" the Father Moderator reports.

The Indians are hungry for reading material and the forces of evil see to it that the book stands are well supplied with their pernicious publications.

American Catholics have the means at their disposal to help the India Press Service to take the lead in a concerted effort to counteract the skillfully planned and beautifully presented Marxian propaganda pouring in from Moscow.

Magazines may enter India duty free. Mail them! Set the wheel of Catholic Action spinning! India is a missionary country; it needs missionaries of Catholic Action.

THY PEOPLE — MY PEOPLE

by Sr. M. Elise, M.D.

"And Jesus went away over the sea of Galilee, and a great crowd followed Him. And when Jesus lifted up His eyes and saw the great crowd coming to Him, he said to Philip: "Where shall we buy bread that these may eat?" But He said this to try him, for He knew what He was about to do. Philip answered Him; Two hundred denarii worth of bread is not enough, that each may receive a little. One of his disciples, Andrew, the brother of Simon Peter, said to Him: There is a little boy here who has five barley loaves and two small fishes; but what are they for so many? Jesus said: Make the people sit down. And Jesus took the loaves, and having given thanks He distributed them to His disciples, and the disciples to those who were reclining; and in like manner also of the fishes, as much as they wished."

This story is really quite unimaginable, dear Lord, except in an Oriental setting. No crowd of five thousand Americans could possibly act that way. But You could come back to India today, and the simple village people would behave just like the Galileans did when You walked their roads and talked their language.

How often have I watched them, at railway stations and bathing "ghats," at meals and public gatherings. There they squat, in small family groups: some stretched out full length, sound asleep; some chatting and smoking; others playing with the children, or opening their bundles to give out the dry unleavened bread and the tidbits of fish or vegetable curry. So long as they have the hard ground to rest on, a little plain food to ward off hunger, and the security of their own kindred around them, their simple needs are filled.

Whenever we are detained in a railway station, we love to walk up and down the platform, threading our way through the groups of Indian village people who have set up light housekeeping while waiting for their train. Here we'd smile at a playful baby; there pick up a bundle or toy that had rolled away; now laugh at their happy-go-lucky ways; then feel sad at the sight of unrelieved illness and suffering. If only they could have the Bread of Life, their simple, natural mode of living would be no handicap, no unbearable hardship. But their souls are starving, for the true and certain dogma of eternal recompense, for the charity that goes beyond family and caste, for the communion of saints that would make them united and secure, in time and in eternity.

Lord, Your workers in the field are often discouraged at the sight of so much need. How can we possibly reach them all, with so few priests, so few Sisters? But You know what You are about to do. So long as we give You all we have no matter how insignificant, how obviously inadequate, Your infinite power and love will do the rest. All we have to offer You is five barley loaves and two fishes . . . but that is enough. Let us get busy and start distributing, and trust to You to multiply its effects, in Your own good time.

Little Miss Fortune

by Sr. M. Laetitia, R.N.

Gaily Chambeli tripped along to the well, her red earthenware water pot resting lightly on her hip.

Her parents had only just come to the village, and the little brown maiden was on a tour of discovery. A few minutes' hop, skip and jump brought her within sight of the well where a group of women were laughing and gossiping, while awaiting their turn to draw water in which to cook the evening meal.

Shyness overtook the child for a moment as she stood watching the women. They presented a colourful group against a highly painted landscape. Most of the women wore a jewel at the side of the nose, and all wore a quantity of rings along the lobe of the ear. The blue-black hair was well oiled and neatly braided into a long pigtail hanging down the back. Many of the saris were red with startling white designs wandering the length of the cloth, others wore a white sari with a deep scarlet or orange border.

Poor Chambeli became conscious that her untidy hair had never been combed within her memory, and her ragged sari, washed long ago without soap, was a sad contrast to the bright clothes of the women at the well.

"Jao! Jao! (Go away! Go away!)" screamed the women in chorus. "Tu Dom hai (You are a Dom). You will defile our well."

Bewildered, the child stopped. She knew that she was Dom, but she had never thought much about her caste.

Noticing the hurt, puzzled look on the little girl's face, one woman, more kindly than the others, pointed to an untidy narrow little street. "There is a Dom well over there."

Reluctantly Chambeli tore herself away from the well which, on the edge of the emerald rice fields, surrounded by a row of dark green waving palm trees, where screeching parrots were playing hide and seek, seemed to be the most fascinating spot in all the world—especially now that it was forbidden.

The gay little girl starting out with her brand new water pot had become a very sad, forlorn little child. As she made her way along the muddy path to the well, she noticed for the first time how all the filth was thrown onto the narrow street, how drawn and hungry and tired the people looked, how dirty and uncared for they were, and how tumble-down their mud huts . . . how thin and badly fed the little donkey, the bony cow and the half-starved bullock.

It was a miserable scene, made all the more miserable to Chambeli by her having just left the clean street filled with brightly dressed, gaily chattering women and children, where she was not even allowed to set her dainty, if rather dirty, little foot.

At the Dom well, the poor women presented an unhappy picture. Their saris were old and ragged, their hair was unkempt, their children wore only a piece of rag; all looked thin, starved, wretched and utterly dispirited.

After she had filled her sarhai from the leaky goat-skin that served as a bucket to draw the brakish water from the well, Chambeli put her jar on her little head and started off for home.

"Manji (Honoured Mother), why would the Hindu woman not allow me to draw water from their well? They called me a Dom," said the child.

She was a busy woman: sitting astride one hip was a seven-months-old baby; a toddler was doing its best to fall into the smoky fire, two little children were squab-

bling in a corner of the hut, and the father of the family was lying on the ground on an old sack, his chattering teeth and limbs shaking in a malarial chill.

"Dom Kya hai? (What is a Dom?)" repeated Chambeli.

"Beti (daughter), you are an outcaste. The Doms are the lowest caste of all; they say that we are so low that we have to reach up to touch bottom," said the mother calmly. "They say that we eat dead dog, and they make us do all the scavenger work that no one else will do. We live in huts that are falling to pieces, we have no clothes, no money, hardly any food, and no medicines when we are sick . . . "

"At the well, I heard them talking about a Christian Sunnyasi who is giving work to the Doms making baskets," interrupted the little girl. "Maybe . . . " and the soft voice trailed off into silence.

"Who will make the baskets here?" murmured the discouraged woman. "Your father is sick, and how can he get better without medicine?"

Next day found Chambeli standing in the shadow of the doorway at the long basket-weaving hut.

"Jeus ki barai (Glory be to Jesus!)" said the young priest, noticing the hesitating little figure.

"Salaam ji (Good afternoon, sir)," came the soft reply.

"Do you want to make baskets?" asked the priest.

"You will have to grow a bit first."

Speechless with disappointment, Chambeli stared at him!

"Tell me your trouble," said the priest, as he stepped towards her.

"I am a Dom," explained the child, retreating backwards.

"So are we all here," was the reply.

"You, a white man, a Dom?" Chambeli cried.

"Well . . . er . . . I have no caste, so I am as much a Dom as anything. Your caste does not matter!"

"I wanted to make a basket to buy some medicine for my father. He is sick and we have no money."

"Tell your mother to take your father to the Sisters' hospital in Pulia, if he can walk the three miles there. If he cannot, run and tell the Sisters, and one of them will go to see your father."

Running home as fast as two thin legs could carry her, Chambeli rushed into her poor home.

" . . . And if Bap ji cannot go, they will bring him some medicine, and even send a palki, if they want him to stay there . . . and some other Sisters have a school, and we can learn to make baskets . . . and it doesn't matter that we are Doms. The big, white Sunnyasi, all dressed in clean clothes, who lives in a real house, is a Dom, too! He says caste does not matter, so it is all right to be a Dom, isn't it, ma'ji?"

The little girl was alight with happiness. Her big dark eyes glowed in the thin face and she was just one big smile.

Looking at her gleaming little daughter, the weary mother began to feel that with the Priests and Sisters here to help them, perhaps being a Dom would not be so bad now.

. . . *"Herself"*

DEPARTURES

22

MEDICAL MISS

The twenty-two Medical Mission Sisters have been missioned from September '48 to September '49.

"Grant to them, we beseech Thee, a prosperous journey and calm weather, that attended by the holy angel, they may happily arrive at that place whither they are journeying, and finally at the haven of eternal salvation. Amen."

DEPARTURE DAY at the Motherhouse is a busy one of much rejoicing, for it a joyful occasion when Medical Missionaries begin their journey to the missions.

The Chapel is arrayed in its finest linens and bright flowers stand before Our Lady's statue. In the hands of decorators, the Refectory is transformed into a ship or a plane, and a novel card marks each one's place at table.

It is customary to delve into the pasts of the mission bound Sisters and compose songs about some humorous incident connected with their postulate or novitiate. Sung after dinner, these ditties add to the merriment of the celebration.

The formal departure ceremony is the center and heart of the day. All assemble in Chapel, and the "Magnificat" is sung. Kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament, the Sisters assigned to the missions renew the three vows taken at the time of their profession— Poverty— Chastity— Obedience. The vows they pronounce will have their fulfillment in the love and generosity of their actions performed daily for the suffering. This ceremony marks the culmination of preparation, and the beginning of their missionary life. From then on, home is where you find them—some in Africa, some in India, Pakistan, Indonesia or the home missions of Georgia or New Mexico. But all are impelled by the might of His love to help souls and bodies, to direct them to Christ Who bought them with the price of His sufferings that day on Calvary. Christ is their reason for going — to make Him known and loved is their objective.

After Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, the Medical Mission Sisters' gratitude and joy, that more members are being sent to work for the spread of God's kingdom, finds expression in the singing of the "Te Deum," the liturgical hymn of thanksgiving.

The official departure ceremony completed, the missionaries check baggage and receive last minute messages and greetings for the Sisters already "in the field." A few more chats with friends, a last brief visit to Chapel asking Our Lady's blessing in the "Ave Maris Stella," and the travelers are ready to depart.

As they leave the Motherhouse grounds, "Brendan," the sturdy old Angelus bell, tolls a substantial farewell in deep tone while smaller, merrier bells, gathered from all over the house, ring vigorously in the hands of enthusiastic postulants. Waving salutes and cries of—not Good Bye, but "We'll be seeing you!"—send them on their way to mission lands.

S THIS YEAR

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SION SISTERS

INDIA

Holy Family Hospital—Patna

Sr. M. Juliana Matyi, R. N.—Lorain, Ohio
Sr. M. Thaddeus Fricker, R. N.—Tucson, Arizona

Holy Family Hospital—Mandar

Sr. M. David Gearhard, R.N.—Milwaukee, Wis.
Sr. M. Colette Costello, R.N.—Cleveland, Ohio

INDONESIA

Maternity Clinic—Makassar, Celebes

Sr. M. Ancilla—Holland
Sr. M. Bernadette—Holland
Sr. M. Edward, R.N.—Holland
Sr. M. Margaretha—Holland
Sr. M. Martha, R.N.—Holland

AFRICA

Holy Family Dispensary—Berekum, Gold Coast

Sr. M. Camillus Healy, R.N.—Newton, Iowa

PAKISTAN

Holy Family Hospital—Rawalpindi

Sr. M. Kathleen Fitzgerald, R.N.—Jersey City, N. J.
Sr. M. George Johnson, R.N.—La Crosse, Wis.
Sr. M. William Dougherty, R.N.—Blue Island, Ill.
Sr. M. Martin Heires, R.N.—Carroll, Iowa

Holy Family Hospital—Karachi

Sr. M. Francis Webster, M.D.—Chicago, Ill.
Sr. M. Raymond Baker—Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sr. M. Immaculata—Holland
Sr. M. Rafael—Holland

St. Michael's Hospital—Mymensingh

Sr. M. Benedict Young, M.D.—Philadelphia, Pa.

UNITED STATES

Catholic Maternity Institute—Santa Fe, N. M.

Sr. M. Roberta Euper, R.N.—Fort Smith, Ark.

Catholic Colored Clinic—Atlanta, Ga.

Sr. M. Eugenia Jagielski, St. Cloud, Minn.

ENGLAND

Medical Mission House—Osterley, Middx.

Sr. M. Andrew Frey—Pittsburgh, Pa.

NEW NOSE

by Sr. M. Leonie, M.D.

She was a Pathan. Quietly she entered the dispensary with her burkah thrown back and her chaddar covering her face according to the custom of Turkish women.

The Pathans are a hill tribe who descended the rich valley of Peshawar during the 15th and 16th centuries. Despite several attempts to dislodge them, including those of the great Akbar and Aurungzeb, they continue to live in their valley.

Aurungzeb's policy of bribing the maliks with government positions, money and jagirs in return for their promises of good behavior has been quite successful in maintaining peace—that is in some places.

At present, these warlike folk are enjoying themselves by "helping" Pakistan. Great numbers of them are in Rawalpindi where they terrorize the rest of the civilian population. Their skill with the trigger and the knife obscures their likeable qualities of simplicity and courage.

"Well, what is the matter, ji?"

With an eloquent gesture she drew aside her chaddar, revealing a badly mutilated face without a nose.

"My brother and I had an argument and he cut my nose." This was her story and it never altered, although we knew that, among tribal people, cutting off the nose is frequently a punishment for a woman's unfaithfulness.

She must have been familiar with such cases, for she told us just how to perform the operation. "Please make the new nose from my arm and not from my face."

As plastic surgery was one of the last things I had anticipated in this part of the world, I had to do some reading on the subject. I learned that there are three methods for making a new nose: French, Italian and Indian.

We decided to use the method suggested by our patient. A flap was raised from the

left arm and its edges were sutured to the denuded area of the nose. The arm, brought over the face, was immobilized so as to have no tension of the sutures and yet provide sufficient blood for the growing flap. This flap was to be left on for two weeks, after which it would be severed from the arm and the new nose would be shaped. That sounds simple enough. One night, however, the poor woman, weary of her position, loosened the bandages and moved the arm! The result was that some of the sutures were pulled out and part of the new nose was loosened.

"I was tired of holding my arm like that, so I moved it just a little," explained the lady.

We tried to make her understand why she should not move it, and she promised not to do it again. Later on she confided to the nurse that she could not understand why the doctor had made such a fuss. Nevertheless, she kept her promise and the new nose held.

After the two weeks we duly severed the flap and shaped the nose. It didn't look too bad.

When the mother of the girl saw it she just laughed and laughed. The family, including the brother, seemed pleased with the result.

"Go now and no more fights with your brother," we admonished her.

Smiling gently she pulled the chaddar over her face in the customary fashion and went away.

MISSION INTENTION FOR OCTOBER

GREATER SPREAD OF MISSION NEWS BY THE PRESS

Our Holy Father directs the prayerful attention of the faithful to the "press and the missions" during the month of October. Weighty are his reasons for so doing for the missions are dependent upon the press for strength and growth. What are better fitted than the agents of mass communication to reveal the real universality of Catholicism? The Catholic press can bring its readers in close touch with the variety of works undertaken by the Church in the mission fields and the part they play in the extension of our Faith.

The energy with which the missionary Church is able to extend itself depends upon the knowledge and inspiration of the whole Catholic world. The press has power to gain the necessary attention for the work of the missions which are not an arbitrary, extra activity of the Church but one integral to its very nature: "Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature."

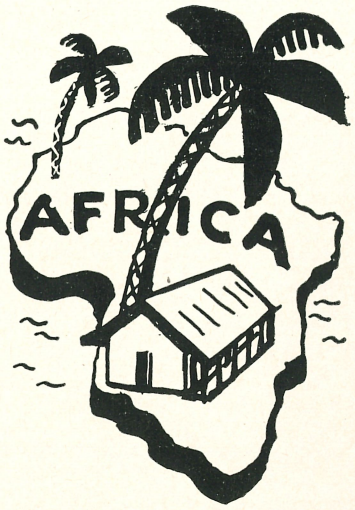
If the press would spread more mission news Catholics would have a greater understanding of the missions. They would then support the missions: offering more of their prayers and good works for that intention, donating the needed financial aid and, in many cases, giving themselves to God, as missionaries, for the propagation of His kingdom. The press and the missions working together could be the instruments used by God to conquer the whole world by spreading the joyous news of our Faith.

OCTOBER 23 IS MISSION SUNDAY

Mission Sunday is a day when the whole Christian World is asked by His Holiness to unite as one family, in prayer and sacrifice for the support of our Catholic missionaries and missions all over the world. Missionaries depend upon their confreres at home for spiritual and financial aid.

TWI (TWEE) TALK

AFRICA LETTER



TWI is the basic language spoken by the principal tribes in the Gold Coast Colony. TWI TALK is the official publication of the Medical Mission Sisters stationed there at Holy Family Dispensary. (Berekum, Ashanti District, Gold Coast, WEST AFRICA.)

This month, TWI goes to town with Sister M. Paula. Every couple of months the larder needs replenishing and we have to go to town to shop, *town* being Kumasi, and according to Sister M. Paula:

"The distance is only about 100 miles and the trip takes roughly (literally!) from four to five hours, the time being dependent on a few minor details which can grow into monstrous ones, such as the condition of the road, the lorry, and lorry driver. Generally, during the wet season the road is muddy and furrowed by the lorries. During the dry season (the cocoa harvest season) the trip is made in a fog of red dust. You can take your choice. I made it in between seasons, so the road was comparatively good.

"After the driver had attracted all possible Kumasi-bound passengers at the lorry park, he stopped at the convent to pick me up. As I settled myself in the front seat next to the driver, I contentedly speculated on our schedule: leave Berekum 9:30 A.M., arrive Kumasi 1:30 or 2:00 P.M. It was a brand new truck and should have no motor trouble, no flat tires, etc. The number of passengers packed onto the closely spaced planks depends on the driver's respect for the capacity load limit set for each truck. This lorry was *limited* to 39 passengers. The cabins accommodated three persons, but most drivers cannot resist carrying four.

"It was all of 10:30 by the time the driver and his mate were convinced that everybody in Berekum knew they were about to leave for Kumasi. We had driven up and down the main street with the driver and his mate shouting "Kumasi! Kumasi!" If there was no response, the lorry had come to a halt and both had dispersed in opposite directions looking for passengers. They disappeared into huts and compounds, and each time they did, my departure and arrival schedule l-e-n-g-thened.

"We were off at last. Settling back with a good book in my lap, I was ready for the 100 mile stretch. The narrow, winding road is the only one running into Kumasi from this northwest section of Ashanti. It cuts through the heavy forest of palm, odum, plantain, and cotton trees. Most of the cocoa farms are planted under these trees, for the cocoa tree thrives in the shade. It was mid-September, and the cocoa pods, growing out from the main trunk of the gray-mottled trees, were turning pumpkin-yellow, and it looked very much like a fall harvest in the States.

"At every village we picked up more passengers until I began to wonder where they were putting them all. Fortunately I asked no questions and had no idea how many were actually packed in the rear. Twenty miles from Berekum we passed through Sunyani, center of the district government, and police headquarters. At the townline the lorry discharged many passen-

gers who began to walk leisurely into town. All public conveyances have to be checked by the police before passing through, so our lorry stopped at the police barracks, however, not before the driver had tried to ignore the police whistle summoning him to stop!

"The native police have a picturesque uniform which I had time to study while the driver was quizzed. Beginning at the top I admired a tall blue fez with red tassel (it would have been the envy of the drum major of any local high school band). The officer wore a navy blue turtle-neck sweater, crossed with a broad belt, and khaki shorts with a red stripe on each side. I was down to the brown leggings and big boots when I realized the officer was asking *me* how many passengers there had been in the lorry before the truck came to Sunyani. This was after the driver had insisted a hundred times over that he had *not* carried excess passengers, he had *not* heard the police whistle for him to stop, he was *not* carrying four persons in the front seat. I had no intention of getting involved in a court case, especially now that the police were asking me to come into the police station and testify. So I explained that I was absorbed in my book and had not noticed the number in the front seat, had not counted the number in the rear, and I really must get on to Kumasi for important business! With that, the police chief decided to let the case ride, but the complaining officer still insisted that justice be meted out.

Once out of Sunyani, the driver and all the passengers burst into gales of laughter. I could not understand a word they were saying, but the gist of it was clear.

"However, there was more fun to come; for the next twenty miles, the roads were closely patrolled by the police. We fairly crawled through some villages, but the driver and mate still called "Kumasi! Kumasi!" Then it got to be really funny, although I felt like a fugitive from justice. Whenever we approached a curve in the road or hill, the lorry would stop while the mate went ahead to scout the road.

"Finally it happened; the scout was caught napping and we drove right between two police cars. The ten excess passengers had to get out; the driver was to be fined. As we drove off, leaving the stranded passengers twenty miles from the next village, I wondered how soon another lorry would come along to pick them up. It was only after this that the driver tempered his ambition to transport *everybody* to *Kumasi* in his lorry.

"It was all of 5:30 when we got into Kumasi. The whole affair was quite an experience, in some instances more like an escapade than a shopping trip. The return trip was similar; the driver drove all around Kumasi calling "Berekum! Berekum!" The climax of the KUMASI UNLIMITED came two weeks later when the same lorry driver brought a supply of drugs to the dispensary which he had collected in Kumasi for us. The fee was very low because 'Sister's presence in the lorry had saved him a court hearing!' "

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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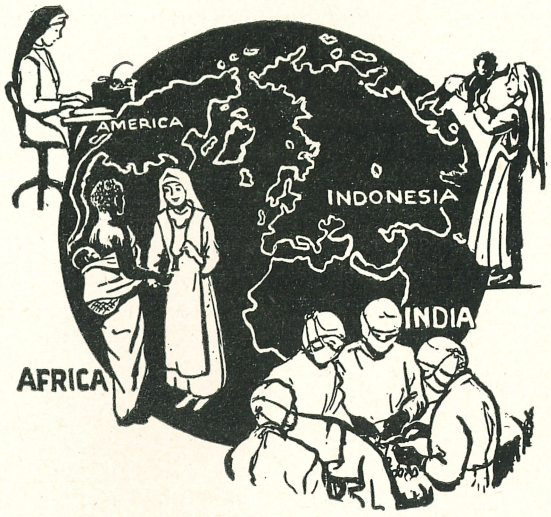
AT HOME AND ABROAD



Focus is on the home front at this season of the year for the family of Medical Missionaries is greatly increased at the time of reception and profession.

On August 15, following a retreat conducted by Reverend Godfrey Kasper, S.J., of the Jesuit Novitiate, Wernersville, Pa. two Sisters made final vows and eight novices pronounced their first vows. Seventeen postulants were clothed in the habit of the Society. The Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas F. McNally presided at the ceremonies. Reverend Charles J. Mahoney, C.S.C., chaplain at the Motherhouse assisted.

Final Vows

Sr. M. Gemma Tassinari—Salem, Mass.
Sr. M. Andrew Frey—Pittsburgh, Pa.

First Profession of Vows

Sr. Anne Marie Hager—Kellogg, Minn.
Sr. M. Eugenia Jagielski—St. Cloud, Minn.
Sr. M. DeSales Leary—Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.
Sr. M. Martin Heires—Carroll, Iowa
Sr. M. Colette Costello—Cleveland, Ohio
Sr. M. Constance Pellicer—St. Augustine, Florida
Sr. M. Martha St. Pierre—Ottawa, Ontario, Canada
Sr. Paul Marie Jansen—St. Albans, New York

Reception of the habit

Miss Edna Arceneaux, Lafayette, La. — Sr. M. Jacinta
Miss Phyllis Gibson, Detroit, Mich.— Sr. M. Jogues
Miss Loretta Gottschalk, Chicago, Ill. — Sr. M. Janet
Miss Dorothy Douglas, Wichita, Kansas — Sr. M. Robert
Miss Josephine Kearney, Co. Cork, Ireland Sr. M. Josephine
Miss Marie L. Kendall, So. Portland, Maine —Sr. M. Loyola
Miss Mary Rose Laliberte, Worcester, Mass. —Sr. M. Matthew
Miss Rosemarie Leier, British Columbia, Canada—Sr. M. Brigetta
Miss Marcella McMahon, Co. Clare, Ireland —Sr. M. Senan
Miss Catherine O'Hare, Lanarkshire, Scotland—Sr. M. Columba
Miss Anna Polcino, Philadelphia, Pa. — Sr. M. Regis
Miss Palmira Preibis, Chicago, Ill.—Sr. M. Anton
Miss Muriel Pritchard, So. Ozone, N. Y.— Sr. M. Nivard
Miss Marie M. Schmids, Philadelphia, Pa.— Sr. Marie Joan
Miss Rosemary Tavenner, Lynwood, Calif. —Sr. M. Jerome
Miss Erika Voss, Kenosha, Wis. — Sr. M. Claude
Miss Dorothy Ward, Ridgewood, N. Y. — Sr. M. Marguerite

Georgia—The language problem.

Greetings from our home mission in Atlanta from a summer visitor. I am being introduced to the "southern drawl." The other day I spied a group of little girls in the back yard. Here was an opportunity to discover which one brought us that lovely dish of ice cream and cake a few days ago. Using the most clear pronunciation, best diction, and exhausting my vocabulary, it seemed hopeless for me to return the dishes. To each inquiry as to whether one of them was the one whose mother had sent us the treat, came another query,—"Mam?" After a third or fourth, "Mam," I lapsed into, "D'j'all tote ice cream to d'Sistah in d'house yondah yes'ahda?" Then came the soothing answer, "Yes'm," at which point the lovely dishes were seized and handed to the little girl to give back to her mother. Wonder if this comes under the heading of "becoming all things to all men?"

—Sr. M. James

Pindi—Progress on the "desperate hospital."

One fourth tube-well has been dug, and it is a great success. An American company that is test drilling for oil in this province gave their services free and drilled us a well in an hour! It took Indian coolies months and months. Now with its steel pipes, strainers, and an electric pump, we have plenty of water for our new 300-bed hospital. Work is progressing steadily. The walls of the East wing are being plastered. The electric wiring and plumbing are going in, but it will be about three months before the sinks arrive.

—Sr. M. Alma, M.D.

Patna—Onion candy!

Just a few humorous items which I have been storing up. Several weeks ago a young boy with smallpox came to the hospital. We had to empty one of the private rooms for him. It so happened that the room belonged to one of our male orderlies who was ill. When I started to fold up his bed clothes, I found an onion cut up into pieces under his pillow. Onions are like candy here in India! Onions and red pepper!

—Sr. M. Adelaide

Come to the Stable

Two Medical Mission Sisters were among those invited to attend a special preview of the Twentieth Century Fox production, "Come to the Stable." The group was asked to review and criticize the film.

The report—"Come to the Stable" is an excellent piece of entertainment. The actresses show an understanding of their roles, making the production dramatically effective.

Based on an original story by Clare Boothe Luce, the movie is concerned with the efforts of two nuns to establish a hospital for children. The fictional drama has a true story behind it, that of Mother Benedict Duss, O.S.B. and her companions who have founded a monastery, Regina Laudis, at Bethlehem, Connecticut.

"Come to the Stable" is a delightful and realistic film. As one reviewer says, "it is funny and sunny." It will provide wholesome recreation for all who see it. Be sure to do so.

R. I. P.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. George A. Metzger
Woodhaven, N. Y.

Very Rev. Mortimer A. Sullivan, O.S.A.
Villanova, Pa.

Mother Mary Pia, O.S.F.
Chillicothe, Mo.

Col. John W. Meehan
Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Thomas O'Keefe
Atlanta, Ga.

Mr. Walter J. McKenna
West Englewood, N. J.
(Father of Sr. M. Lawrence, S.C.M.M.)

ST. JOSEPH'S LIST

PINDI

Four walls and a roof do not make a hospital. Each room will require:
$15 for wiring and lighting fixtures
$35 for flooring
$5 for windows

AFRICA

Altar Linens

MANDAR

Hypodermic syringes: 9 dozen at .90 per syringe.

PATNA

Bricks at one cent each — not more than a million

KARACHI

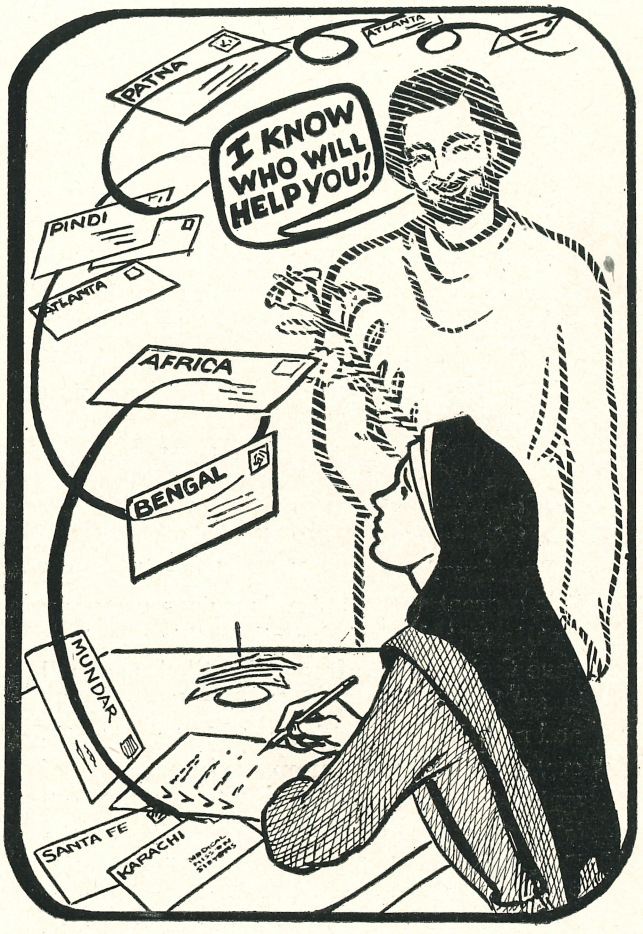
A Jeep

BENGAL

50 Blankets at $4.75 each
6 doz. drawsheets at $11.50 per dozen

ALL THE MISSIONS

A dollar a day to support a Missionary



MOTHER ANNA DENGEL, M. D.
Medical Mission Sisters
8400 Pine Road
Fox Chase, Phila. 11, Pa.

Dear Mother Dengel:

Here is $..... for

( ) Pindi ( ) Africa ( ) Mandar
( ) Patna ( ) Karachi ( ) Bengal

Sincerely,

.....